

# PEOPLE & THINGS: By A TITICUS

THE foundation of a new college for men at Cambridge is a rare business: only Downing (1800) and Selwyn (1882) have intervened since the sixteenth century. Now the Council of the Senate have made a report to the University which will bring by a long stride nearer the metamorphosis of Fitzwilliam House into a constituent college.

"Fitzbilly," the centre for Non-Collegiate Students, is not an autonomous body, but over the years it has developed a strong sense of loyalty and pride, under a devoted succession of Censors, the latest of whom, Mr. W. S. Thatcher, is himself an old Fitzwilliam man. Naturally there has grown up a strong demand for separation and incorporation as a college.

But a college of non-collegiates would be a contradiction in terms. Now, in recommending that the House become an "Approved Foundation," the Council of the Senate have clearly been moved by a new social and economic fact. The chief *raison d'être* of the non-collegiate undergraduate—economy of expense—has disappeared; no young man nowadays who is fit to go up to Cambridge need be prevented merely by lack of means. (At least that is the theory.) So the recommendation is that the non-collegiate status be abolished altogether. Why not?

Nevertheless I talk from Cambridge of a diachronous opposition in the Senate. When that has been overcome, there will have to come an appeal to the Millers and others who wish to found a college, please note.

## Insurtable Feast

NOTICING the name of Sir Orme Sargent as our Birthday List went to press yesterday reminded me of a curious minor incident in his career as Permanent Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office from 1946-1949.

He and Sir Maurice Peterson, then our Ambassador in Moscow but home on leave, were invited to luncheon at the Soviet Embassy. Mr. Zarubin, our Soviet Ambassador, and Mr. Pavlov, Counselor (better known as Stalin's interpreter at Teheran), were the hosts and the luncheon a *quatre*

in the palm glass-house adjoining the Embassy went off well.

After luncheon Mr. Zarubin proposed an adjournment to the Embassy proper. The way was via a small ante-room with two doors. Mr. Zarubin tried one door and then the other. Both locked. The Ambassador looked at Mr. Pavlov. Without a word Mr. Pavlov walked smartly to the window, opened it, dropped into the garden nine feet below and, having obtained the keys, released the Ambassador and his two British guests.

The latter made no comment: Mr. Zarubin gave no explanation.



Sport Illustrated.

## Only a Game

THE football season has opened again in America and, for the benefit of those who have never seen an American footballer, the above is Milt Campbell, 215-lb. Indiana half-back, better known over here as the Olympic Decathlon star.

When fully equipped he will wear body armour weighing over two pounds consisting of the following: "Fiberglass" and leather helmet; steel face-mask and rubber mouthpiece; leather, bone and aluminium shoulder pads with interior shoulder injury pad; leather thumb-guard; rib and spine protector of padded webbing; hip and kidney protection-pads of bone and leather; leather and metal athletic supporter; thigh and knee pads, and leather and metal knee braces.

Yet statistics tell him that he

will be gravely injured at least once during the present football season.

## Signs of Fame

THE CHAMPION, a public-house just north of Oxford Street, has put up a fine net sign depicting Sir Gordon Richards sporting the blue and gold colours of Sir Victor Sassoon and mounted on him, last year's Derby winner. I am amused that we do not more often immortalise our contemporary heroes in this way. I have only been able to mention Admiral Cunningham at Bracknell, a Leefe Robinson at Harrow (where the Lieutenant who destroyed a Zeppelin single-handed is Admiral Beatty at Gravesend, and an Earl Haig at Bexley Heath. Recently the Pride of the Vale at Churk has a sign portraying Lloyd George, and a similar honour has been accorded the dusky tipster, Prince Monolulu, by The Abyssinian at Hornsey Vale.

## Kings and Queens

APPARENTLY various taboos govern the depiction of royalty on inn signs and they may perhaps stem from the offence taken by Queen Elizabeth I at the murmur and unflattering portraits of her which became the hostelry fashion towards the end of her reign.

She ordered them all to be burnt, and sign-painters were provided with officially approved portraits for them to copy. Many of these painters were Italian and, perhaps, unflattering to the ignorance of England, there is still in Norwich an Inn called La Regina Elizabetha.

## Spare Heat

MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD, who told the House last week that he was "searching energetically and hopefully" for new sources of heat, will learn with envy that 4,000 families in Budapest are enjoying central heating and that, in a hot water piped into their homes from the city's hot springs, and that the Hungarian Government plans to connect up another 20,000 homes, a municipal hospital and several factories to the springs.

There are 123 springs in Budapest varying between 45 degrees and 135 degrees Fahrenheit. The only British springs capable of

producing a hot bath are the Aque Sulis of Bath, which rise at about 120 degrees. In addition to their curative uses they are already employed to heat the Pump Room, and there is a plan to connect them with neighbouring corporation buildings.

## Strings Over England

FROM time to time a particular musical instrument is all the rage, and it is not only the ragas—for instance, there must be thousands of attics which contain a ukulele or banjolele discarded after youthful fingers had mastered the major chords in the late twenties and early thirties.

Today the guitar is experiencing a similar boom, and the few good teachers in Britain are inundated with pupils. The Guildhall School of Music and Drama has, for the first time, added to its staff a professor of the guitar, and the trade, already short of instruments, estimates that there must be 10,000 more or less serious guitarists in the country.

## Bream and Quine

WHETHER as servants of fashion or its masters, it so happens that there is now not only an English concert guitarist of superb quality, Julian Bream, but also a young craftsman, Hector Quine, who has made the first British concert guitar to be heard in the Wigmore Hall.

Hector Quine's chief difficulty was to obtain the appropriate woods—close-grained Brazilian rosewood for the back and sides, and Honduras mahogany for the neck.

Traditionally the finest guitars come from Spain, Germany and France, and Antonio Segovia has for many years played an instrument made by the late Hermann Hauser of Munich.

Quine, a student of Bream, is himself a player of quality. I am told that this is unusual in a maker of instruments and that even Antonio Stradivari did not play the violin.

## G.S.

THE other day I saw a sturdy old car, proceeding slowly and placidly. On the back was a G.B. plate to the top of which was attached a metal plate inscribed with the word "Ecosse."